



# Solo Challenger



*Newsletter of the Great Lakes Singlehanded Society*

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*Dan Pavlat*                        *Alan Veenstra*

**Summer 2004**

## A NOTE FROM THE PRESIDENT

*Jim McLaren*

A few weeks ago *Sovereign* and I took some visitors out for an evening sail. Once they were fortified with sweaters, jackets, fleeces, and cocktails, I was compelled to ask how they were enjoying our mild October weather! It has been a wild and crazy summer for weather and, consistent therewith, we had wild and crazy 26<sup>th</sup>/8<sup>th</sup> Mac Challenges!

***In this Issue:***

<i>President's Message</i>	
<i>I've Got That Sinking Feeling</i>	Page 2
<i>Chicago – Mackinac Recap</i>	Page 4
<i>Some Ink from UK Sails</i>	Page 7
<i>Port Huron – Mackinac Recap</i>	Page 7
<i>Rogue's Gallery</i>	Page 8
<i>Calendar of Events</i>	Page 10

It was a good old fashioned gear buster Mac: We lost masts; we broke forestays, engines, and autopilots; we blew out sails; we took on lots of water and, in the end, set **FOUR** new course records! Everyone is safe, there are tons of stories about solid seamanship and mutual support, and we all learned a lot about ourselves and our boats: Sounds like a very successful Mackinac Challenge to me!

Our many thanks to Bill Dembek, Jean Webb (Port Huron), Patti Smith and JT (Columbia), Peter Strickland, and the many wonderful people make our Starts possible. Our Finish Line Committee is key to a successful Challenge. We are deeply grateful to all of you who, under Erik

Johnson's leadership, committed your time and efforts to this year's Challenge. And congratulations again to Geryl Ann Arden on her 20<sup>th</sup> consecutive Finish Line year!

In a tough weather Mac year such as this, I believe it is of special importance that we all congratulate ourselves, and each other, for completing the Solo Challenge, and that we extend our warmest welcome to our **NEW**

**LIFETIME MEMBERS:**

<b>Stan Folz</b>	<i>Our Little Amusement</i>
<b>Bruce Geffen</b>	<i>Nice Pair</i>
<b>Eric Kerlow</b>	<i>Outrageous</i>
<b>Jim McDonnell</b>	<i>Black Pearl</i>
<b>Francis Meehan</b>	<i>Mojo</i>
<b>Mike Osborn</b>	<i>Africa</i>
<b>Mark Perkins</b>	<i>Journey</i>
<b>Lease Shock</b>	<i>Phoenix</i>

## AND SPECIAL CONGRATULATIONS TO:

**2004 President's Award**

**Eric Kerlow-Lake Michigan**



*Photo by J. Golden*

**Lease Shock-Lake Huron**



Photo by J. Golden

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**2004 Peter Fisher Award**  
**Mike Mahar**



**2004 Peter Fisher Memorial Trophy Recipient**  
**Mike Mahar (2<sup>nd</sup> from left) flanked by Blair Arden**  
**(l) Suzie Phillips and Dan Pavlat**

Photo by J. Golden

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**2004 Mike Silverthorne Award**  
**Dave Rearick**



Photo by J. Golden

**New Course Record Holders**

- Dave Wagner**
- Ron Wells**
- Tony Driza**
- Matt (Turtle) Scharl**

These were all Special Achievements of the highest order! Congratulations!!

***The 2005 Challenge is June 18, 2005:***  
Be sure it's on your calendar!

We still have three great events before the weather turns, dare I say it, ***Cold....er:*** The Solo Scramble, Lower Huron, and St Clair Solo – still time to have some fun!

Finally, we have been hard at work with arrangements for our first AGM in Chicago! After reviewing *many* available options, we have an outstanding space booked at Maggiano's Restaurant, which has terrific food and is close by Navy Pier and the Strictly Sail Show. Also, we are putting together a special package rate in conjunction with Strictly Sail, which will include hotel accommodations and boat show tickets. Lastly, I am excited to report that we are making arrangements to have **A GLSS BOOTH!** *I hope we can count on volunteers to "stand watch" and help spread the GLSS Word!*

As soon as the Accommodations Package is finalized you will receive a special mailing with all of the details. Until then,

**Save the Date: FEBRUARY 5, 2005!!**

My Best Wishes to all for Fair Winds, and a well-deserved Indian Summer!

*Jim McLaren*

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***I've Got That Sinkin' Feeling: My 2004 Solo Mac***

*Jeff Urbina*

We bought a new *Bodacious* over the winter, a lightly used 1999 Sabre 402. As these things go, we changed a bunch of things on the boat and were pushing the yard to get it in the water. I flew in from Tokyo on a Friday evening and we came down the river Saturday morning, three weeks before the race. Between business

obligations and working on the boat, I got a total of three sails in before the race ... not optimal, but what the heck, I figured I'd get it all sorted out going to Mac. Not quite.

**HOLY @%&\*#!, the M&Ms were awash in water above the floorboards!**

We started this year's race in a good 20 knots true from the north with gusts to a little over 25. Of course, since it had been blowing all night, there were nice 6' seas to go along with this. The regular buoy races were cancelled later in the morning, due to the weather. Lovely. Just what I wanted to test out the new boat - a heavy air beat! Twenty-six of us entered the race, but not everybody started at 8am ... a couple of bright ones seemed to stay in to let the breeze die down a bit, but eventually my wife pushed Dave Rearick and *Geronimo* off the Columbia docks (what were they doing back there for so long?) and everyone took off. I put in two reefs and pulled out a little bit of jib at the start and was instantly on my ear. Of course, I forgot to put the big container of M&Ms in the sink, which was summarily catapulted onto the cabin sole. Maybe someday I'll be able to get the boat set up so the autopilot can steer in these conditions, but sure didn't on this Saturday: hand steering was the order of the day to keep the boat moving. Somewhere around 10am I got a short break as the wind abated for a bit and I remembered to close the seacock to the head sink that was full of water.

At noon, I went below for the scheduled call-in and ... HOLY @%&\*#!, the M&Ms were awash in water above the floorboards! Where in the ##\*@%! is the water coming from? Why the #\*\$!# isn't the bilge pump getting it out? I quickly looked over to the panel to see if the pump was working and, sure enough, the little light was on saying it was running. Unfortunately, it was a cruel joke: the pump was dead so the water and M&M mix (which I was quickly turning into paste) kept sloshing around my ankles. One nice thing about the Sabre is that it has a big sump, but it also meant I probably had 20+ gallons of water in the boat. First project, find the manual pump handle (where the #\*\$!# did I put that thing?) and start bailing. I got the water below the floorboards and decided I'd better call in, especially if I couldn't get control of this thing. Tried a bunch of times and, to add insult to injury, the VHF didn't work! Jon Jacobs in *Looseshoes*, my old

buddy from last years Mac, was a half-mile away and couldn't read me, nor could I read him. Out came the trusty handheld and at least I got a call in to Joe Turns on *Renaissance* and to John.

**Now, one of the things I enjoy about going solo is that there is no one around to debate what you decide, but then again, there is no one around to help you decide, either. I was looking at a leak of unknown origins and proportions, a dead bilge pump and a VHF that only seemed to work to call the harbor tender. Given how the fleet was starting to spread out, how long the handheld would be effective was questionable. Continuing on did not seem particularly smart to me at that point in time so I withdrew from the race. Five hours out, four hours back (in a dying breeze!). My short race was over.**

#### ANALYSIS:

**1. The Leak.** I am now convinced that the only place this volume of water could have been coming from was the head sink, which siphoned water into the boat as the rail went under. Unknowingly, I had probably already solved the problem by turning off the seacock (was it all the way shut?), but I didn't know that when I went down at noon. I suspect it was only the angle of heel when I went down earlier that had masked the problem. Even once I turned around to head for Chicago, it was hard to tell whether or not I was still leaking, since the boat was getting thrown around and water kept flowing in and out of the sump. None of the through-hulls were leaking and the water tanks (ultimately) have proven themselves to be sound.

**2. The Bilge Pump.** It simply died and had to be replaced. Only five years old and it should have been fine, but was not (and no, it didn't eat any M&Ms). The manual pump thankfully worked but you might remind yourself every once in a while where that emergency handle is ... never know when you might need it.

3. **The VHF.** The old Bodacious got hit by lightning last year and, in my never-ending wisdom, I decided to put a “lightning dissipater” at the top of the mast on the new boat. One of those deals that looks like a metal toilet brush. It has worked so far to ward off the evil spirits, but it also meant moving the VHF antennae down so it was below the dissipater. Unfortunately, the connection for the new antennae lead was not wired properly and it took a trip up the mast to correct the problem.

In the final analysis, we simply were not ready for prime time this year. Mr. Murphy (or worse) knocked seven of us out of the race before the day was done and it is real tribute to all of those who hung on and made it to the Island (particularly those that made new records – awesome!). Me ... I limped back home, drank more than a reasonable amount of rum and scraped up chocolate sludge. Well as my daddy used to say (after he said, “don’t go to Mac in a 20kt. blow from the North”) ... “there’s always next year”!

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**2004 Chicago – Mackinac Solo  
Challenge  
Tony Driza**

*It's been said often enough that you'd better be careful what you wish for – you just might get it.*

Most of the Chi-Mac solos that I’ve done over the past five years have been characterized by at least one, if not more, periods of drifting and swatting flies. The mantra has become “Give me any weather, just as long as there’s wind with it...And if it’s not too much to ask, could it be from the SW?” Apparently, at least half of the mantra was answered, as during the evening hours on the day prior to the race, the winds began to steadily increase. By the early morning hours, halyards were banging up and down the docks of DuSable Marina in Chicago; more than once racer was seen tending lines and thinking “What the ....?” The other half of the mantra must have fallen on deaf ears as the wind was most certainly not from the SW, but howling right out of the NE, down the rhumb line from Point Betsie. By the time most of the racers had finally kicked the cobwebs out and cast furtive glances out at the horizon, Lake Michigan was

rolling with a vengeance, with wind whipped whitecaps as predominant as anything else.

*Whoa Nellie* is more than capable of handling a pretty stiff blow, so that wasn’t foremost on my mind as I motored down the fairway toward the start line. I was still thinking back to the festivities of the night before; something about *good intentions, paved roads, and hell* came to mind. The scheduled skipper’s meeting went off just fine, Jim McLaren ran his usual very dapper show. The food was quite tolerable, and for this year’s meeting, the dinner arrangement was such that we were seated by division. It was a great chance to put a face to the radio chatter we’d hear over the next couple of days. All of that came off without a hitch; a chorus of “Good Lucks” and “See You at the Island” went up, and the sailors began to head off in the direction of their boats, or last minute shopping trips. I, being extremely low on double stuffed Oreos, went off in search of the same and found them in a nearby party store. It was on the return trip to the boat that I was way laid by a couple of scurrilous sailors who insisted that I join them for a quick nightcap. From that point things deteriorated and eventually sunk low enough that I found myself aboard *Whoa Nellie* singing Beatle songs with Tim Kent at what seemed to be an ungodly late - or early - hour, given that a race was in my immediate future. It was with more than a huge sigh of relief that I woke up in the wee hours of the morning snuggled up to my wife, and not Tim. My head and subsequently, my stomach, were not so quick to offer forgiveness; my stomach at least had the decency



**Whoa Nellie bashing to weather**

*Photo by T. Driza*

to wait until into the second hour of the race before cursing the Around Alone veteran Kent. I spent most of the first morning leaning over the lee rail making promises I’ll never be able to keep, and even mastered the long lost art of

swearing in Mandarin Chinese at Mssr. Kent. It wasn't until early on that afternoon that a few saltines managed to find more than temporary residence in my stomach; all the while, *Whoa Nellie* was beating with most of the rest of the pack in the general direction of the Michigan shore.

Meanwhile, other intrepid racers were finding that wind and water in large doses have a tendency to turn minor boat deficiencies into major ones in short order. While I spent a good part of my morning face to face with Neptune, Brian Van Wieren on *Zapada* was trying to cut the remainder of his rig free after being dismasted early on in the race. John Ayres on *Riptide* and Jim McLaren on *Sovereign* stayed close enough to ensure that Brian was OK, and that he could make it back into port. In what seemed like a never-ending symphony played out over the VHF after that, other boats began to feel the brunt of Lake Michigan's long northerly fetch. Jeff Urbina on *Bodacious* cast a glance into the cabin of his beautiful new-to-him Sabre only to find it awash in M&Ms and water above the cabin sole. Bad enough, but when the bilge pump isn't working, and the VHF has opted for a sabbatical as well, a retirement from the race seemed like a prudent option. Jim McLaren on *Sovereign* reported that he was finding diesel fuel in places other than the tank or engine and tasked himself to determine the cause. Nothing like the smell of diesel in the morning on a pitching, heaving boat! As the day progressed, Rick "The Bro" McLaren on *Dulcinea* dealt with engine problems as he tried to recharge his batteries. Ultimately, a contaminated oil supply forced Rick into port for repairs. Fortunately, there was no damage to the engine. The carnage wasn't over for the day as Paul Schloop on *Blue Max* called in to inform us that during the blow his forestay parted at the masthead. For a moment the only thing holding up the stick was the head of his jib; Paul had just enough time to get a couple of halyards forward and secured before the head tore out. With his mast scribing arcs in the fading light, Paul headed in to South Haven for repairs, and undoubtedly, a stiff drink. Rigging woes continued as Joe Turns on *Renaissance* reported that his mast was also wandering about, caused by a significant number of shims working loose in the seaway. Additionally, Joe's radio was intermittent at best, and although others were nearby, Joe could barely raise them. Homeport for *Renaissance* is

Holland, and Joe retired there to sort out his cantankerous rig.



**Mark Perkins on *Journey*..beating!**

*Photo by T. Driza*

Mercifully, as the blustery day eased into dusk, the winds and waves finally abated. By this time, there was nothing to be seen of Matt "Naked Turtle" Scharl on *Gamera*, Fred Ball on *Lucretia*, Mike Hanson on *Solar Express*, and David Wagner on *Gigi*; they had summarily done a horizon job on the rest of the fleet. Jon Jacobs on *Loose Shoes*, Eric Kerlow on *Outrageous*, Dave Rearick on *Geronimo*, Mark Veenstra on *Monitor* and Francis Meehan on *Mojo* were doing their best to reel the leaders back in. As the wind petered out, I found myself about 12 miles SW of Saugatuck; Bill Smith on *Skyhigh*, Mark Perkins on *Journey*, Stan Folz on *Our Little Amusement*, and Jim McDonnell on *Black Pearl* were all within sight as night fell. The remainder of the fleet consisting of Cal Karr on *Two Belles*, Jim McLaren on *Sovereign*, Bob Erndt on *Far Niente* and Mike Osborn on *Aftica* were just a bit to the west or southwest. As I fired up the stove to cook a meal, I thought back to other races when the wind died, and I was left rolling around in the leftover slop. This night would be a different beast, as the lake laid down fairly quickly; it wasn't long either before the new wind from the west began to fill in. Against a backdrop of one of the most gorgeous skies I've ever seen, I got moving and decided to reach up the shore with my asymmetric. With less than 10 knots of breeze, I was shooting north at just under hull speed, experiencing one of those "best sails of my life" that we all remember. The night flew by all too quickly, the autopilot handling the bulk of the steering while I stretched out in the cockpit.

By morning, the asymmetric was too much sail, so down it came and the genoa/staysail combo

went back out. The breeze stayed fresh, the fleet was making great time to the northeast, and in contrast to the day before, breakdowns had at least temporarily ceased. As the winds backed around further to the southwest, the chutes and asymmetrics came back out propelling the competitors towards Mackinac, so much so that Matt Scharl and *Gamera* finished Sunday afternoon turning in a blistering pace of 33:51:08 (as the finish committee welcomed him, he was overheard saying “*That is one angry boat!*”). The other rocket ship *Lucretia*, piloted by Fred Ball, crossed the line shortly thereafter followed by David Wagner on *Gigi*, then Mike Hanson on *Solar Express*. Meanwhile, the next group was passing north of Point Betsie into the Manitous, while the pack I was in was approaching Big Sable Point. Mark Veenstra on *Monitor* began experiencing autopilot problems that subsequently forced him to retire to Ludington. Winds by this time had built back into the high teens with gusts into the twenties and seas increased back up to 4-6 footers – great running conditions for a brutally heavy Island Packet as long as it wasn’t a dead downwind affair. Unfortunately, it evolved into just that; I wanted to keep the asymmetric up as long as I could, but the main was blanketing it. A bit of experimenting led to dropping the main to the equivalent of a fourth reef, and with careful hand steering I was able to proceed at speeds in excess of 8 knots. It wasn’t long before a bit of inattention at the helm caused the asymmetric to wrap itself; a bit of panic set in, as this was the only downwind sail I had. Luckily, I was able to free it, and get it re-set, thinking I’d be a bit more careful in the future. That proved to be optimistic thinking of the highest order for it was only a few minutes later that I had wrapped it again. I was a bit less panicky this time for the previous wrap was quickly sorted out – another bit of flawed thinking. This time, the wind was blowing hard enough that I wasn’t able to get the sail back into the sock; I had blown the tack first to no avail and after blowing the sheet, I was left with a streaming asymmetric from the masthead. Freeing the halyard took care of that in short order – the total aerobic workout that resulted from hauling a soaked sail back on board left me as wet as the sail. John Ayres was just off my starboard stern quarter while this was taking place with his chute still up, and by the time I got it back aboard he was a couple miles northwest of me. I unrolled the genoa, just happy to get moving again, and to catch my breath. I rolled along northward, cursing my lack of a spinnaker,

although thinking that if I had one, I’d probably be tempted to keep it flying even though the wind was building into the “God will take it down for you” range. Meanwhile John Ayres had had enough of the chute and announced he was taking it down. Watching through the binoculars in the gathering dusk, it appeared initially that he had gotten it down OK; I went below to grab a bite to eat. While the soup was heating, John called again to say that the chute was hopelessly wrapped around his headstay, taking out not only his chute, but also his ability to put up any other headsail. All bad enough, but with darkness upon us and the Manitou Passage with a couple of down bound freighters in front of us, John’s GPS decided to pack it in for the time being. It didn’t take him long to decide to retire to the relative calm of Sleeping Bear Bay and sort it all out, resuming the race later.

Bill Smith on *Skyhigh* was also having his fair share of fun. He had been running with his asymmetric for a while as well, and had successfully taken it down on deck intending to deal with it shortly. When he went back on deck, much to his dismay, the sail was gone having succumbed to winds and waves. In what must be the luckiest set of circumstances imaginable, he was eventually re-united with it several weeks later. Of more immediate concern was the fact his rudder wouldn’t respond to the helm other than very begrudgingly. Was something wedged below, an autopilot problem, damaged rudderstock? With darkness falling, and seas building, Frankfurt looked mighty appealing, and Bill withdrew there to spend the night and sort out his boat woes.

Monday morning found winds still from the SW, but considerably lighter than the previous evening. I was still dead downwind, and for a while was able to run wing-on-wing and make decent progress. As the wind lightened a bit more, that option went by the boards as the banging back and forth began to take its toll on my sanity. Back up with the asymmetric alone, and while not making the fastest of progress, it was at least steady, and very comfortable. By now, there weren’t any other boats in sight; the closest one in front on me was Dave Rearick, who had announced earlier that he had blown out his main going through the Manitou Passage. Rather than set out another one, Dave opted to go it under headsail alone, and just enjoy the remainder of the sail to Mackinac. Not a bad option at all! Mark Perkins on *Journey* was back

behind me, just visible through the binoculars. He too was getting the most out of his asymmetric, and as we worked our way up towards Gray's Reef, he announced that there was a refreshing shower in his immediate future. It doesn't take me long to recognize a glorious idea, particularly when the clothes I was wearing were capable of standing up unassisted on the cabin sole – that shower felt great!

For the first time in five solo Macs, the wind held steady for the rounding of the mark at Gray's Reef, and with the bridge in sight, I headed for what I had hoped would be my first finish on a Monday, and in daylight to boot. Approaching the bridge, the winds began their usual shifty, gusty routine and I gave some thought to taking down the asymmetric until I was on the other side. As it turned out, I had enough room to play around with and was able to fly it all the way to the finish line. No sitting this year a mile from finishing, listening to the bands on the Island cranking it up! It was the fastest time ever for me, and my time was just good enough to best Mark Veenstra's old record in the Erie Division. Although the first day was a bit harrowing, I'll take the wind over sitting and swatting flies any day!

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*Editor's note: David Wagner submitted the following recap that was published in the [UK Sails Newsletter](#); it's always nice to see our members recognized in another publication! Eric Kerlow aboard *Outrageous* received honorable mention in the article as well. Great job guys!*

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### ***2004 8<sup>th</sup> Chicago to Mackinac Island Singlehanded Challenge June 19, 2004 UK Customer sets race record and wins overall***

One week after cleaning up in the competitive J/105 class at the Chicago NOOD **David Wagner** set sail for the 8<sup>th</sup> annual Solo Chicago Mac race. On a day when local race committees had to cancel races due to the high winds and waves, the fleet set sail early in the morning in 20-plus knot winds and six-foot seas directly on the nose. Wagner's J/105 *Gigi* had mechanical problems with his autopilot from the start yet he continued on in the rough weather making numerous attempts to fix it throughout the race.

After about 12 straight hours of beating, the wind began to go aft and David was able to set his reaching asymmetric he had built for distance racing. The wind continued to clock and increase, and the waves continued to build. At this point, David peeled to his running asymmetric. David spent the entire portion of Sunday surfing up Lake Michigan hitting speeds of 17+ knots. David ended up finishing early Monday 1:30 am with an elapsed time of 41 hours setting a monohulls record for the singlehanded race. This is quite an accomplishment since in the record 2002 Chicago-Mac race a crewed J/105 time finished just under 38 hours. In that event there was never any upwind work while David spent half a day going upwind. Congratulations David.

**Eric Kerlow** sailing his Tartan 10, *Outrageous*, also won his division and set a new course record for his division in the race. Eric and David used the same forecasting to assist with the race and stuck to the plan sailing to the Michigan shore until they were lifted and surfing in the big winds and waves on Saturday. Eric was second overall amongst the monohulls. Eric called UK Sailmakers Chicago to thank them for their assistance with his sail preparation and advice for the race.

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*Ed. Note: The following article was sent to me in the form of an e-mail from Mike Mahar. It was written just after completing the Solo Challenge from the Internet Café on the Island, and as such, takes the prize as the first article submitted!*

### ***2004 Port Huron-Mackinac Recap Mike Mahar***

Sports fans,  
I made it to Mackinac Island - it's not official yet but I am pretty sure I took a first place. Out of six boats in my class, two dropped out due to gear failures and the race quickly became between Harold Beaton on his C & C 30, and me. I always had a lead but he stayed in the rear view mirror, keeping in close striking distance.

The first leg on Saturday was a splash, 25 to 30 knot winds right on the nose; I am still wearing the bruise. Six to ten foot waves will do that to you. From Goderich, we had to do an electronic rounding, as it was too rough for the guy from Goderich to get out and set the mark. I was the second boat around from the whole fleet. The

bigger boats were wondering how I did it. Out of the thirteen that started, four dropped out in the first eight hours. Remember your Boy Scout motto "be prepared".

Rounding Goderich the wind died to something reasonable and gave me a chance to get some sleep on Saturday night. Later in the evening the wind went aft and up went the spinnaker for the second half of the leg from Goderich to the wreck off of Presque Island. Reaching the wreck, I cut the corner and went in between the wreck and shore. Here the wind totally died and gnats invaded me. Billions upon millions of gnats, in my eyes, ears, boat - very high protein! What a mess, I am still vacuuming and washing off dead gnats. After about an hour of this cruel and unusual gnat invasion, the wind came back. The whole time I was sitting there, spinning in slow circles, as the C & C was closing the gap. The wind filled in again from the Northwest and it was off to the races once more. It filled in all night long and built up to the high teens with little wave action since I was now heading up into the Straights. All night the boat just charged along on a close reach to a beat. I slept on deck, or better described, tried to sleep. What a ride and it lasted all night! Threading the needle once again I cut the corner and stayed close to Bois Blanc Island. The sun-rise timed out perfectly for me - about an hour before I finished, the sun had risen in the North Eastern sky, making it a lot easier for the final approach to Mackinac Island and the finish line.

The boat did fine and the new Gyro pilot worked real well with a few exceptions: it thought I fell overboard a few times and went head to wind, once with the spinnaker up! It's something that needs to be looked into. So I am here I am at an Internet Cafe on the Island checking my stocks, drinking latté's.

Life is good, cheers  
Mike

### *Rogue's Gallery*

It's almost inconceivable that one could find a better spot to congregate after a Mac Solo than around the keg in the backyard of the beautiful Mackinac Island Yacht Club (OK, there may be some notable nominees, but MIYC is pretty hard to beat!). Beer in hand, rocking back on one's heels, winds and waves were regaled into new

heights (that *was* a Class 3 hurricane this year, wasn't it?)...

It has been said that the only thing better than a cold beer is the next cold beer, and presumably the next ones after that; perhaps that would explain the inattentiveness to the security of the keg. Others in the backyard were not being buried by the BS, and had other nefarious plans in mind.....

*The following set of MIYC photos were sent to me by **Wally McMinn**. Thanks Wally!!*

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*It begins innocently enough –but where are the ladies?????*



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*They are so cute when they are passive, but scheming and plotting nonetheless....*



***A lone defender is no match for a gang of renegades hell-bent on larceny...Is that our keg they have absconded with??!!!***



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***The situation deteriorates rapidly; the keg has been spirited away behind the walls of a hastily constructed, but well defended fortress. Meanwhile, on the other side of the lawn, glasses are running dry....***



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***Parched lips will drive men to the brink of utter despair....***



A hastily arranged summit was convened, and the possessors of the keg announced that a sacrifice of sorts would have to be arranged to

secure the subsequent homecoming of the purloined keg. The larcenous ladies decreed that if a male competitor would come to retrieve the keg clad only in boxers or briefs, they would return the keg forthwith. In what can only be described as one of the most unselfish acts of true sportsmanship ever witnessed, **Dave Rearick** volunteered to take one for the troops. Photos **do** exist of this heroic act; we are awaiting word from our legal department as to whether or not publishing them would be in the best interests of the **GLSS**. Veiled threats were muttered as the keg was returned to its rightful spot; *plenty of reason to make it to the Island for next year's festivities to see how this one plays out!*

**Tony Driza**

***Something to ponder over the winter...***

The next Super Mac will take place in 2005. In years past, sailors have had the opportunity to complete it in either direction, and most likely will be able to do so this year as well. Having done one, I can attest to a couple of brutal aspects of the race: just finishing the bugger, and crossing the line at Mackinac Island, stating your intention to continue on to Port Huron (or Chicago), thereby missing the festivities on the Island (probably worst of all!). In the last Super Mac held, all the competitors went around from Chicago to Port Huron, and while small in number, they were large in camaraderie at the finish. There was some very preliminary talk at



***My welcoming crew 2002 Super Mac***

**Standing on the boat, left to right:**

***Dave Rearick, Tony Driza Bob VanEck***

**On the dock, front to rear:**

***Mark Gutteridge, Rob Robins, and the late Mike Silverthorne. Dan Pavlat also completed the race, but had to leave early. My wife Joanie, who also provided us each with a welcoming bottle of Rum, took the photo!***

the Island this year that keeping the fleet in one general area enhanced the safety of the race and that getting together after one of these marathons and sharing tales of the event was nearly as important as the race itself. I can't imagine finishing one of these, only to find nothing but an empty slip awaiting me after 600 miles. Consequently, we're looking for some feedback from members who are contemplating doing a Super Mac as to *limiting it to a Port Huron-Chicago race this year*. There are pros and cons to be sure – please give us your input at your earliest convenience!

*Tony Driza*

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***Wanted: A Few Good Stories and/or  
Photos Documenting the Same!***

Considering the number of sailors who have competed in one or more of the Solo Macs, there must be many a tale waiting to be spun. Here is your opportunity to share it, here on the virtual bar stool – I'll even buy unlimited rounds of virtual beer! Additionally, digital cameras seem to have proliferated to the point where many now have one (I *did* until the crewed Mac race – it now lies in about 200' of water NE of Milwaukee). So in yet another shameless attempt to procure material for the next *Solo Challenger*, please consider taking the time to write something up (this time something having to do with solo sailing...), or send a few pictures of your Mac adventures to: [tdriza@wmis.net](mailto:tdriza@wmis.net). I'll get them into the next newsletter, which will go up on the *GLSS* website in December.

### **Calendar of Events**

**Sept. 10, 2004- Lake Michigan Scramble**

**Sept. 11, 2004-Lower Lake Huron Solo**

**Oct. 2, 2004- St. Clair Solo and Big Al's  
Steak Roast**

**Feb. 5, 2005- AGM/Strictly Sail Chicago**

**June 18, 2005- 27<sup>th</sup> Port Huron - Mac  
9<sup>th</sup> Chicago – Mac**

**Note: This will also be a Super Mac Year!**

**Jul (or Aug) 2005-Solo Trans Superior??**

*Stay tuned for more info on this one!*

**Be sure to check the website often  
for details on these events!**

<http://webhost.sailnet.com/glss/apps.htm>

*Please keep the GLSS updated if you change your snail or email address. Send any corrections to: [tdriza@wmis.net](mailto:tdriza@wmis.net). Thanks!!*



***One Laughing, Soaring Gull to Watch Over  
Those Still Water-Bound....***

*Photo by T. Driza*